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# Cat Tracks

Bates Outing Club

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# Cat Tracks

## of the Bates Outing Club

Editor: Faith Ford

Issue II

September, 1966

### POPHAM BEACH

Producing a Popham Beach Outing is like playing for the Boston Red Sox: each time is a traumatic experience, but it happens that way so often it becomes routine. The O.C. Council treats Popham as a major crisis--a horror show of major proportions in which things are confused in a very organized way and no one seems to know what is really going on. But of course, it is tradition--Popham Beach is supposed to be run this way. It is expected that the price of lobster will fluctuate wildly just before the weekend, and that nobody will buy tickets until the last night. It happens this way year after year, and in the end, the lobsters always get cooked, the clams get steamed, the hamburgers get dropped through the grill, and all the buses end up on the right beach.

Consequently, the controlling factor at Popham Beach is always the weather. Of course there are occasional oversights by the Council as when the tide almost washed the food lines out two years ago and a couple cases of coke drifted out to sea this year; but when the weather is off, Popham Beach lays an egg. When people arrive on the beach and see overcast sky they feel as if they've been had: they immediately want to know why the Outing Club has brought all these clouds down on the beach.

For the past two years nobody has been able to tell if there really was an ocean out there because of the fog that always socked in the bay. It was rumored, in fact, that Popham Beach was actually a cloud outlet where all the clouds for the State of Maine were manufactured. At any rate, this year the O.C. Council proceeded to do exactly what it did for the last two years, and were highly praised for putting on a "good show". The council was complimented on the clear blue sky, the fine temperature, and nice breakers that they provided for the outing. Luckily the people who filed onto the beach at 10:30 (looking not unlike the children of Israel walking into the Red Sea) missed the mosquitoes that were out at 8:00. Then there were the car bodies that didn't quite make it into the parking lot fill, and made the beach look like the scene of a recent assault landing. But then you can't see that at Miami.

Usually the only people who go into the water are the unfortunate Council members who have been told to "go out there and wash the clams". But this year people actually went into the water to swim and to ride the big breakers into shore. Attired in bikinis, dungarees, and bermudas, the masses on the beach one by one headed for the water.



If the Outing Club could somehow contract with the OLD FARMER'S ALMANACK to produce a good day each year, Popham Beach would never lose. If the Council is going to get blamed for the weather, it might as well be good weather!

---Brent Costain

### WINTER CARNIVAL

While most of the campus is thinking about football, soccer and haze day, the Winter Carnival co-chairmen have their sights set for Jan. 26-29/ This year's Winter Weekend however, will be somewhat different than in times past. Instead of the Outing Club being solely responsible, Carnival now will be a joint effort by most of the campus organizations. This revised scheme was initiated in the centralizing spirit of the Advisory Board and is hoped will open up new possibilities to the traditional midwinter event.

Using "Shipwrecked" as a theme, initial preparations are now being made. Instead of keeping it static however, a progression of the theme is planned, starting on Thursday night with a bon voyage party, continuing Saturday with a shipboard dance, and ending Saturday night at the Soiree, Castaways on a Desert Isle. As in previous Carnivals, the title will be worked into all aspects of the weekend, from banquet to danceband.

With more than ample help and ideas, and deadlines still far in the future, the prospects for a successful Winter Carnival are high indeed.

---Dave Burt

### NRA

The first goal of this Club is to become nationally affiliated. Much is involved with this but things are progressing! The interest this year is the highest that it has been so far. Even the standard nearly equipmentless state of the group does not seem to be an unconquerable problem. With this much interest it may well be possible to organize different levels of shooting. We are looking forward to an active year.

---F.F.

### SHORT TERM

Who could conceive of a balmy Batesie summer, two day weekends, and 69 girls vs. 31 boys without the Outing Club? Last year's short term with Larry Brown as Social Director and six freshman O.C. members floating around was oriented along O.C. lines. It's true we had to have a miniature Popham, miniature Mt. Climbs, and miniature



canoe trips, but the small number of students enabled, at times, practically full participation. The Outing Club shouldn't miss an opportunity for such real and enthusiastic response in the 1967 short term.

---Babs Bates

### EQUIPMENT ROOM

The Equipment Room is once again a center of activity on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons and frequently on Saturday afternoons and other times as well. A surprising number of Council members stop in to check on things and there are the usual number of people looking for equipment. We've been pleased to see so many freshmen, too.

Bikes are ready for use and are used quite a bit especially on nice weekends. If you want one at a specific time it's a good idea to reserve them a week ahead. Hiking boots, down sleeping bags, tents, and cooking equipment are available for camping trips and mountain climbs.

Popham is usually a hectic time around the equipment room but this year everything went quite smoothly. Thanks to the freshmen of Mitchell who washed up the dirty lobster pots. It's not their fault that their dorm hazing rep is an OC'er!

This should be a good year - we have several new projects in mind. We already have 4 new pairs of skis. As soon as we get bindings on them they'll be ready for snow. We ought to have about 30 pairs for classes and trips this winter.

Looking a little further ahead, we're already designing an ideal equipment room to be installed when Parker is renovated.

We're always glad to see people so if you can find the basement of E. Parker and see the light on or the sign on the door come on in - for talk, to look at the picture poster, to help work on any of our assorted projects, or even just for one of Steve's Canada mints!

---Hildy Spooner

### A. T. WORK TRIP, SEPT. 2-6

Every once in a while there comes a day when nothing goes right. This is quite a common occurrence in the lives of most of us. To have five of those days strung out in a row is unusual. To spend them at a lean-to on the Appalachian Trail is downright disastrous. For the last 1.73 Million years the Bates Outing Club has run a work trip to the Appalachian Trail, and I guess the last 2/3 of those years we have had it in the Fall during Freshman Week. We have normally taken from 12 to 16 people on the trail, depending on how many people could go. In the last several years we have had an increase in numbers and this year we hiked the number up to 22 people going. This required buying



food by the railroad car and borrowing tents from all the local scout troops, but we had everything set the morning of the 2nd of September when 18 of those 22 left Campus and formed a caravan with Andover and Section 22 of the Appalachian Trail as our destination.

Now the road in from Andover to C Pond, passing right by the AT shelter, is designated a jeep trail by the local citizenry, the U.S. Geologic Survey doesn't even accord it the honor of making it a double dashed line on their map. Three of the four drivers, showing their true nature as Maine's adopted sons, exhibited one of those wonderful characteristics of Maine's native sons that has caused them the world over to be known as Mainiacs. By afternoon we had two cars, a truck, and a Sportvan parked in front of the lean-to and we had to build a parking lot in the middle of the Maine woods. This proved to be one of the wisest things done that weekend as the road took on the more prominent characteristics of Route 128 in rush hour.

While Dick Kelsey rigged a framework for making a shelter out of tent halves and the two directors fiddled around with floating cardboard iceboxes and caves as refrigeration mechanisms, others cleaned and paved the bottom of the spring next to the lean-to and others set up tents down the road, where it forked. An amazing amount of wood was gathered, split, and professionally piled. It was gray and overcast when we went to bed that night. It was misting nefariously the next morning at 6 AM. And most of the day was like that.

Following this director's concise and explicit instructions that morning, people wandered off in general directions with assorted instruments. One group went to Route 5, three and a half miles trail north and the rest went the trail south towards Surplus Pond. When the crews reported back that evening, we discovered that almost 3/4 of the Surplus Pond crew had gotten hopelessly lost in the slash and raspberries between camp and Surplus Pond. Over beans and franks prepared that evening by the culinary experts in our group, we discussed getting lost in slash and raspberries and the fool who was clearing the trail from Andover B Hill Road to C Pond by himself and leaving an 8 foot wide swath behind him. That night the sports began to roll into C Pond in earnest and every manner of vehicle from Wagonner to 4 wheel drive truck to Tote Goat to an ingenious vehicle with 6 pneumatic terra-tred tires, called a Jigger, dodged the cars and the campfire on their way in, over the next two days. Then there was the jeep that roared by at 3 AM and almost took the campfire, Pete Anderson's truck, and three tents with it.

So the next day it rained. About 10 AM the groups left camp. About 11 AM the heavens began getting dampish. About 11:15 it was plain to all but the uneducated or ingenuous that the constant downpour would not cease. Some worked and some didn't and some worked until they got sick of working and then it didn't really matter anyway because you were wet by 11:15 when you realized you were going to be wet. An so at 3:30 there were 13 or 14 bodies in sleeping bags crammed into a 6-man lean-to. Intrepid Dr. T. P. Wright, former advisor and guest, went to the top of the Bluff side trail with clippers and accomplished more work that day than had been accomplished by the rest of the group combined.



That night it began to clear, but nobody knew it or cared. The next morning was bright, blue-skied, and sunny, and a few people worked on the trail, while the majority either cleaned up the campsite and tried to dry out their boots or pushed the cars out a road that looked like Italy in the rainy season. A Lemming-like migration to the top of C Pond Bluff cut the afternoon work crew to 5 and so an annex trip was assured of plenty of work to do.

One final note on this escapade. There are those, among whom the directors of Cabins and Trails rank high and prestigious, who consider the trip as having accomplished an amount slightly short of the goal and who would capitalize the Q and S of "Qualified Success", but one important thing was accomplished. It will be difficult for future directorships to engineer the sleeping of 13 people in a six-man lean-to.

---Bruce D. Wilson

#### ALUMNI NOTES

(Ed. note: this is an original idea with pleas for responses from those to whom it applies!)

Since it is often hard to keep in touch with those who have escaped from our ranks an attempt has been made to contact those people and report on their doings.

Dick Pfirman spent 5 weeks taking a field course in Geology at the U. of Wyo. He worked out of a base camp 40 miles west of Laramie returning there for his weekends. This Fall he is at the U. of Arizona, do you suppose he got tired of cold Maine winters?

Penny Brown writes enthusiastically from the state of Washington. She has been doing all kinds of hiking and she specially mentioned glacier hiking and the ice caves. This Fall she is teaching English in a high school in Issaquah, Washington, she says it's about 15 miles east of Seattle.

Carol Reed spent her summer at Antioch College in the Antioch-Putney School of Education. Her aim with this program was to acquire some teaching experience before taking her place on the staff of a ghetto school in Washington, D.C. Anyone who goes her way has been invited to stop in and see her.

(Ed. note: It seems as if as soon as you graduate from Bates where do you go - as far away as possible!)

Ray Danforth spent his summer deep in a lab at Yale but he did manage to get out and do some sailing and swimming. This Fall he is at Princeton working for his Ph.D. in Chemistry.

Judy Marden is at B.U. Grad. school and comes to see all of us fairly often.

Larry Brown who was Social Activities Director during short term worked at the Poland Springs Job Corps Center til he began teaching Physics in Conn.

The grapevine says Charlie Love is fine, that he worked hard as a Ranger in Yellowstone National Park and is now at the U. of Montana, are you, Charlie?

Dick Kelsey is soon for the Coast Guard and so far as we all know he is fine. He did come on the AT Trip and he worked!

(If it could be achieved I would like to do this kind of thing with each issue and if you would volunteer information before the next issue all will be possible. Ed.)

To all Outing Club newspaper editors:

Please send copies of your newspapers to:

Dr. Bertram Kessel  
Department of Physical Education and Athletics  
Boston University  
Boston, Mass.

Dr. Kessel is trying to start an Outing Club and would like to know what other Outing Clubs are doing.